THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

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Men and Manners.

NO. XXXII.

THE PRUDENT COUNSELLOR.—(Concluded.)

FROM L'HERMITE EN ITALIE, THE LATEST WORK OF M. JOUY.

[*Translated expressly for the Kaleidoscope.*]

Grosseto is a small town at two leagues' distance from the sea, situated in a vast plain, bounded on the east by a chain of mountains; it stands on the borders of the western marsh of Castiglione. Its population consists of about 4,000 inhabitants in winter, most of whom are corn-dealers and agriculturists. This town is one of the granaries of Tuscany. The Bishop, a few canons living on small incomes, and the public functionaries, compose all the good society of Grosseto. Nobility is little valued there, as it is said that the greater part of the inhabitants are descended from people who were banished from Upper Tuscany by the decrees of the prince, or of the criminal courts.

This town is gloomy, dirty, and irregularly built. Its principal street is ornamented on both sides by piazzas, which are now falling to decay. All the public buildings are old, constructed of rude materials, and entirely without symmetry. Many of the houses are built of wood, and their windows are much disfigured by patches of oiled paper.

Grosseto is a fortified town; its ramparts and bastions are overgrown with brambles three or four feet in height, covered with large shell-snails, which are found clinging round their stalks from the root to the top. These little animals furnish an abundant and favourite article of diet to the inhabitants of Grosseto, who make them into soup, or eat them baked with roots. I have seen them used even at the tables of the wealthy, where their flavour is thought delicate and delicious. As the bad air of the marshes tends rather to promote than prevent the increase of these reptiles, it is not to be feared that the capital of the *Maremme* can ever perish from famine. I knew only one Frenchman who could ever be prevailed upon to eat this dish; he devoured one morning no less than eight hundred small fricasseed snails; the lieutenant of the gendarmerie of Grosseto was the hero of this courageous feat.

Spring water is very scarce at Grosseto, and so much infected during the hot weather by the neighbourhood of the marshes, that in the month of July it becomes poisonous, and occasions fevers and swellings of the most fatal description. I lodged and boarded with a M. Ceudi, an honest agriculturist and corn-dealer, in moderately good circumstances. His table was furnished with white wines from the neighbouring mountains, excellent turtle soups, game, fowl, and fresh and salt-water fish. He often regaled me with a sort of soup, exquisite to an unprejudiced palate, though generally thought detestable by the French. It is made of bread, fine olive oil, raisins, lemon juice, and cloves.

The churches and dome of Grosseto are not remarkable; the seat of the bishop is hollowed out from the wainscot wood of the choir, on the right hand side, and rudely carved. The Bishop of this town, a suffragan of the bishop of Sienna, had formerly the title of Count Palatine, and used to perform mass, booted and spurred, with two pistols placed on the altar before him. I have been told that the present bishop, a man of merit, and of pleasing address, receives company every night, and entertains even the French public functionaries. As he was absent when I was at Grosseto, I had not an opportunity of being introduced to him. In the beginning of June, I prepared to remove with my colleagues to a small town called Scanzano, situated in the bosom of the mountains, at about six leagues distance from Grosseto. The heat augmented daily, and had almost dried up the marsh of Castiglione, which is about twelve leagues in circumference. The sparrows began to fall down dead from the roofs of the houses; the smell of decayed herbs, of putrid fish and insects, was diffused over the town. The inhabitants, who abandoned Groseto to retire to Sienna or the mountains, were succeeded by crowds of reapers, who came from Lombardy and the Appenines to seek employment in this pestilential country. Many of them die during the harvest; others return home, afflicted by diseases and swellings, which continue to torment them all the rest of their lives. The inhabitants of the Maremme seldom live more than forty years; at that age their blood is impoverished, and their complexion assumes a greenish yellow hue; few of them attain old age. The baths of *Petriolo*, thirty miles distant from Grosseto, and twenty from Sienna, have virtue to restore their health, and prolong their existence. The water of these baths diffuses its odour a mile round: it is green, filled with sulphur, and so hot that eggs may be cooked in it. They are situated in a defile of the mountains, and surrounded by thick woods. At half a league's distance from the entrance of the valley, there is a spring of mineral water, and beyond that, one of purgative water. A miller, who lives in the neighbourhood, is entrusted with the superintendance of these baths, and is the sole physician of the patients who attend them. Those of sulphurated water are in ruins; the others are still in a state of nature; that is to say, their waters issue from circular holes containing about twelve tons of water, surrounded by brambles, nettles, and thorns, and shaded by over-arching trees. The peasants of the Maremme repair hither for the purification of their blood. Before they enter the baths of sulphurated water, the miller, by means of several lancets fastened to a small instrument in the form of a German trumpet, scarifies them in different parts of their bodies, and then covering the wounds with small bottles filled with lighted flax, thus extracts from them a considerable quantity of black blood. After this operation has been repeated a certain number of times, the patients go to complete their cure at the purgative baths. Some of them return home in an improved state of health, and willingly return the following year to undergo the same process, so powerful is the love of existence even in the Maremme.

The baths of sulphurated water of Petriolo were originally constructed with much care. They consist of three basins, contained in so many isolated buildings, covered with vaulted roofs. The waters are emptied from these basins, by means of four large pipes, into a small river, called the Farma, which takes its source near Sienna. Near these cascades there is a reservoir, containing a tolerably large quantity of sulphurated water. Such is the efficiency of the water, that the use of three baths, each three quarters of an hour in length, is thought sufficient for the cure of the most inveterate itch. The miller, for the reward of ten or twelve pence, prepares the bath the evening before it is used. This is done by first stopping up the pipes by which the water flows out, until the bath is filled, and then intercepting its source. The superfluous heat evaporates during the night-time, and the following morning the water is of a suitable temperature, and covered with a green scale easily broken by the body of the bather. Two upright stones, placed on each side of a wooden bridge, near the baths of Petriolo, are marked with inscriptions, one of which is indicative of the limits of the lower province and that of Sienna, the other of the distance between Sienna and Grosseto. A little to the left of the extremity of the bridge, which is of about half the length of the Pont des Arts at Paris, there is a sort of monument, in carved stone, bearing two inscriptions almost illegible. One of them records the visit of a Duke of Urbano to the baths of Petriolo: the date is anterior to the union of the Duchy of Urbano with the states of St. Peter, effected in the beginning of the seventeenth century by the Pope and poet Urban the Eighth. We arrived soon afterwards at an old chapel fronted by a small gallery, of which the exterior wall bears the following inscription:

"Pius P. P. II. creatus. anno. M. CCCC. LVIII. die 19. Augusti. Hic. stetit. de. mse. mal. pontl. sul. anno. p. e. mse Octobris. pontl. sul. anno. V°."

I read the following inscription on a wall built in front of the wooden bridge, near the gallery:

"Pio II sommo Pont. si porto alli bagni di Petriolo la pin volta l'anno 1462 e vi diuroro 20 giorni servendo-si di quell'a . que due volta il giorno. nella second. valto vi ritorno nel mse di 7bre l'an°. 1463."

This pope succeeded Calisto the Third in 1458. Before he ascended the papal chair he wrote against Pope Eugenius the Fourth. The Emperor Frederic the Third had made him poet Laureat, but he was still more celebrated for the hatred he bore the Turks, against whom he vainly attempted several times to league all the Christian powers of Europe. He died at Ancona, in 1464, just as he was on the point of embarking to lead his troops against the Mahometans, the baths of Petriolo not having been able to cure the bitterness of his hatred against the Ottomans.

The baths are surrounded by a tolerably high wall, in the left angle of which I observed an ancient ruined tower. The space within is of sufficient extent to contain fifty habitations, but it is much infested by snakes, and other poisonous animals, and presents nothing but ruins, fragments of broken walls, dry wells, clumps of trees and brambles, and heaps of stones and rotten wood. It is traversed by the high road from Grosseto to Sienna, which passes though a large gate in the north-east part of the wall, at about two hundred paces distance from one in the east, which is now no longer used. A small door in the west, parallel with the reservoir of sulphurated water, leads to the water-mill built on the Farma, at the foot of the neighbouring mountain.

There are no remarkable plants in the enclosure of the baths. I observed there several greyish-white stones, or rather a coarse grain, which, I was told, were a species of asbestos, but they did not appear to me to be of that na-

ture. On both sides of the road leading from Grosseto to Sienna, I discovered, very near the surface of the earth, mines of sulphur, which had never been worked.

I visited the remains of three ancient baths, built close to the eastern wall, at the distance of about three hundred paces from those which are now used, and separated from them by the road above mentioned.

The Mayor of Pari, with whom I lodged, had purchased the whole territory of Petriolo, and had formed the design of repairing the basins, and of constructing convenient accommodations for bathers. If these baths were in the neighbourhood of Paris, the fortune of their proprietor would soon become immense; but the soil over which they flow is unwholesome, and the air breathed in these valleys is so pernicious, that in a few days it would occasion either death or the most loathsome diseases. We never remained at the baths more than two hours a day.

Liverpool. A. W.

THE FORTUNE HUNTERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF OEHLENSCHLÆGER, BY L. MAN, OF LIVERPOOL.

[*Translated expressly for the Kaleidoscope.*]

[*Continued from our last.*]

Having conceived an aversion for music, the *ci-devant* singer had resolved to become a painter: but he was rather nice in the selection of a subject for his pencil, and he would not throw away his talents, so long as he did not meet with suitable models for the exercise of his art. Now he saw, just before him, what he had never seen in such perfection, viz. a blooming maiden of about eighteen years of age; whose black ringlets were divided on her brow, like those of the *Madonna*; tears of deep emotion trickled from her sparkling eyes over her rosy cheeks; the snowy whiteness of her arms and hands appeared to particular advantage, as she lifted them up in her devotional fervour; and the elegance of her figure became remarkably conspicuous by the grace with which she reclined backwards; whilst her kneeling position made but just protrude the prettiest little foot that had ever been concealed by long garments.

Alberto gazed at the lovely creature in breathless amazement: this was the being destined to realize his day-dreams of unequalled beauty, and to make his paintings superior to all others. He vowed never to lose sight of so charming an object; but, at the very same moment, the issuing crowd pressed so hard upon him, that he was swept away to a great distance, before he could make another reflection. He kept his eyes steadfastly rivetted on the attractive spot, from which he had been forced; but all his endeavours to reach it again were fruitless, since he was lifted from the ground, and carried on the shoulders of the surrounding multitude. Reduced to despair by this untoward circumstance, he made a last effort to extricate himself; but it only served to deprive him of his comparatively advantageous situation; and he would, undoubtedly, have been trampled to death, if Xaviero, who happened to be close behind him, had not supported him with all the power of his vigourous arms. Thus he reached the square, before the church, without either hat or shoes; and when he felt for his watch, he found that it was gone too: yet, what were such losses, compared to the loss of his *incognita!* He fretted and foamed; but all to no purpose: his only chance of meeting with her again was to become a frequent churchgoer; and, although his researches were long continued in vain, he did succeed, at last, in tracing her to her favourite place of devotion. She wore now a coloured dress, instead of the black one in which he had first seen her; and she appeared even more charming than before; but she was earnestly engaged in her prayers, so long as the service lasted, and she withdrew as soon as it was over, without even casting a glance at her admirer, who became agitated to such a degree, that he would probably have fainted away, if his friend had not been near to receive him in his arms; but, seeing that the latter was too intent on the choristers and incense-bearers, he thought it more advisable to keep upon his legs, and to make a further use of them, by following the fair lady, in order to learn where she lived. In this he succeeded; and, as it enabled him to watch her ingress and egress, he contrived to place himself so close to her the next time she made her appearance, that he was actually noticed; nay, he even thought that he perceived a modest smile hovering over her angelic features, whenever she deigned to look at his own woeful countenance, and to witness one of his languishing expressions of delight. This made him bold enough to treat her with a regular serenade; and, lo! a small window near the entrance-door opened, whence he was rewarded with so vigourous a clapping of hands, that he scarcely trusted to the evidence of his own ears; his modesty had not allowed him to hope for such decided and energetic applause.

In order to make security doubly sure, he now addressed himself to the lady's confessor, who had already noticed his close attentions to the fair penitent; and who seemed to be a jovial, good-natured sort of a man, little inclined to refuse to a true lover any aid for which he might hope to obtain a reasonable reward. He invited the man to take a glass of wine with him, and actually contrived to make him listen to a proposition, which appeared at first a little daring, but for which a sufficient quantity of Xaviero's pistoles proved to be a sufficient apology. It was nothing less than that the kind-hearted confessor should allow Alberto to take his place in the confessional, in order to learn at once how matters stood. The thing itself was easy enough, for the priest's cowl would disguise the lover; and, as the confession was made by means of a small opening between two high pews, detection was not to be apprehended. There was, therefore, nothing to prevent the accomplishment of this project, but the scruples of the good man's conscience, which, though not easily overcome, were at length finally removed by the above mentioned arguments.

Trembling with anxiety, Alberto held his listening ear to the opening; and his breath nearly forsook him when he actually heard the seraphic voice of his adored. She had but one sin to confess since her last appearance in the confessional, and that he flattered himself could be of no less interesting nature than love for him: he so far preserved his presence of mind, as to encourage the timid maiden, by the apt introduction of a sanctified sentence, to an entire confidence in her spiritual father; and the transaction then actually proceeded as follows:—"Ah! reverend father, it is all about a young man, who comes daily to this place, and who is in love with me." "Fear nothing, my daughter;" cried the confessor, "love is a sacred passion; our whole religion is founded upon love; and we are expressly enjoined to love one another:—speak, my daughter! open thy whole heart before me: thou sayest that the young man loves thee!" "I am not quite sure whether my swain feels real love or not, for he is a great fool." Alberto felt as if a bucket of cold water had just been poured over him; and he was very near forgetting his part. "How then?" he exclaimed, hast thou not encouraged him with sighs and with smiles? thou impious woman." "Alas, alas! I confess my guilt; and this is what constitutes my crime: I was amused with the poor man's folly; and this was certainly very wrong in so holy a place." "Ha! and hast thou not also followed the same course out of the temple? thou wicked Magdalen! I know the gallant youth; and he has confided every thing to me: hast thou not listened to his nocturnal songs? and, hast thou not applauded them?" "Ah, me! my reverend father, my youthful gaiety made me take pleasure in depriving him of his nightly rest; and I paid our ostler to sit up for him and applaud: but you see what a simpleton he must be, to fancy that a daughter, or a near relation of the house, would sleep in a little room over the gate-way; and to mistake the clapping of a labouring man for applause, from my own poor, delicate, little hands." A most beautifully shaped, and exquisitely small hand was, at the same time, put into evidence at the spot of communication; and had this been done a few moments before, Alberto would have been quite in a trance: but now he was no longer in a mood for admiration. He continued to support his assumed character with great difficulty, and dismissed the fair penitent in the most sulky manner, and without absolution. His love was now suddenly changed into hatred and fury; but as the latter abated, the former would probably have given way too; and he would, perhaps, have renewed his addresses in a more acceptable manner, if the fair lady had not disappeared, after the declaration of her sentiments. It was soon ascertained that she must have left the town, although no traces of her new residence could be discovered. There remained, then, no other consolation than that of seeking oblivion of his sorrows in the company of those idlers who are to be found in every large town, and who are always ready to assist new comers in the squandering of their money.

Honest Xaviero was easily drawn into the vortex, in which his friend endeavoured to solace himself; and he spent his time merrily amongst his new acquaintances. There was but one thing that occasionally disturbed his good humour; and that was, their everlasting conversations about love affairs. The gentlemen to whom he had been introduced, could all boast of having gone through various adventures of the kind; and his own friend, Alberto, had soon learned to cure himself radically of his love for the fair *incognita*, by forming connexions with ladies of more easy access: whenever, therefore, any social parties were proposed, at which the presence of females might be desirable, every one (except himself) was provided with a companion of the fair sex; and he felt greatly distressed at his loneliness, without being able to remedy it to his own satisfaction. His kind friends had, indeed, frequently offered to provide for him, but he was rather particular in that respect, and would have no communication but with a strictly modest woman, of whose sincere love for him he could be firmly convinced.

It was the more difficult to obtain satisfactory proofs of these two essential points, as the good Xaviero was extremely reserved and timid with regard to the fairer part of mankind: he scarcely ever looked at a female, unless he thought her engaged with something that prevented her from noticing him; and he always averted his eyes in confusion, if they happened to encounter hers. This evil was not a little increased by his being extremely short-sighted, and unable to distinguish objects without getting into almost absolute contact with them, which was, of course, not practicable with the ladies, particularly for a man of his modesty. His attentions had, nevertheless, been attracted by an object which filled his soul with delight, and which absorbed all minor ideas. Alberto wondered to see him become remarkably thoughtful, and still more, to detect him now and then indulging in a half stifled sigh: he inquired into the cause, and, after a long protracted research, it was found that love.—genuine, unsophisticated love, had made this dreadful inroad upon his happiness. It was some time before the particulars of the case were brought to light; for the poor sufferer could only state that he was deeply smitten with a fair damsel, whom he daily saw as he passed before a certain window, and whose blue eyes and rosy lips surpassed all that he had ever seen in his life: he did not altogether like her predilection for a seat near the window; and he could also wish that she would not change her head-dress quite so often as she did; but, in other respects, he was much pleased with her behaviour; since he found her always steady at her place, and, apparently, looking straight before her; not giddily turning her head in all directions, to criticise the passengers; or running to and fro in a coquettish manner. Alberto was rather curious to see the beloved of his companion, and withal a little jealous of

his good fortune, if he should actually have hit upon something worth having; he accompanied him, the next morning, to the house which he had described; but as nothing was to be seen in the window, except a well-shaped and painted wooden block, upon which a fashionable milliner used to display her novelties, Alberto regretted his only half-finished breakfast, and was for returning towards it, when his friend heaved a deep sigh, and, at last, exclaimed, "There! a new head-dress again; this is really too bad: but how lovely is she withal, and how modest is her demeanour!" Alberto stared—"And pray is that the object of your veneration?" "To be sure it is: do not you approve of my taste?" "Oh! yes, certainly," said Alberto, who had already recovered from his surprise, and formed his plan; "her hair is yellower than any flax I have seen this long time; and no carpenter ever cut a nose more straight, or more in the real Grecian style: I question whether Helena herself had more regularly formed features." "I see how it is," replied Xaviero, (a little nettled) "your own *belle* had black hair, and her complexion was not quite so bright; moreover, her nose was rather inclined to the aquiline: but what of that? we cannot all be of the same opinion in those matters; and it is very well we are not so." "Indeed it is," said Alberto; "but I congratulate you on the taste which your lady elect displays in her dress; and if her industry be equal to her sedateness, she will considerably increase your fortune." "Increase or decrease," retorted the happy lover; "I take her for better or worse; and if I only knew that she would have me, you might soon dance at our wedding." Alberto asserted confidently, that in his friend's circumstances there was no fear of a refusal from such a quarter: but as true love is ever diffident, Xaviero was but half persuaded. They returned both to their own home; the one overflowing with love, and the other with mischief, but promising to stand faithfully by his friend like a second Jonathan.

[*To be continued.*]

Biographical Notices.

LORD BYRON.

(Continued from our last.)

[FROM THE EXAMINER.]

According to existing poetical orthodoxy, Lord Byron indulged in two heresies,—a below-par opinion of Shakspeare, and an exaggerated estimation of Pope. The former, Captain Medwin hesitates not to attribute to the spleen produced by the comparative failure of his own tragedies,—a fact which is obvious enough, for it must not be concealed that Lord Byron was decidedly one of the *genus irritable*. We are sorry, however, to read such poor reasoning against Shakspeare as the following:—

"'It is but lately that people have been satisfied that Shakspeare was not a god, nor stood alone in the age in which he lived; and yet how few of the plays, even of that boasted time, have survived, and fewer still are now acted! Let us count them. Only one of Massinger's, "New Way to pay old Debts," one of Ford's, one of Ben Jonson's, and half-a-dozen of Shakspeare's; and of these last, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "The Tempest" have been turned into operas. You cannot call that having a theatre. Now that Kemble has left the stage, who will endure Coriolanus? Lady Macbeth died with Mrs. Siddons, and Polonius with Munden. Shakspeare's comedies are quite out of date; many of them are insufferable to read, much more to see. They are gross food, only fit for an English or German palate; they are indigestible to the French and Italians, the politest people in the world. One can hardly find ten lines together without some gross violation of taste or decency. What do you think of Bottom in the "Midsummer's Night's Dream?' or of Troilus and Cressida's passion?'"

These are just the sort of things which the dramatic self-love of Voltaire led him to launch against Shakspeare; but something may be allowed to a dramatist of the French school, who avoided what he deemed the faults of our gifted *barbarian*; but Lord Byron is dispraising Shakspeare for unstable plays, while composing dramas avowedly so himself. The allusion in another place to Cibber's adaptations, is more unreasonable still; for who estimates Shakspeare by the Manager's book? Lord Byron, in this case, evidently spoke from humour, otherwise we might be tempted to remark on the different points of view in which men of genius behold things,—Mr. C. Lamb having written an able dissertation, to show the inadequacy of a theatre to do justice to the creations of Shakspeare, and to prove the inevitable sinking of the imagination, when led to contemplate his conceptions through representation. At all events, allowing an excess of adulatory jargon in reference to our great dramatist, we apprehend that "The Tempest," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Twelfth Night," and the comedy of "Henry IV." will for ever endure, even in opposition to the spleen of a Byron. These pets and jealousies of men of genius are often extremely illustrative and amusing.

Agreeing with Lord Byron on the injustice of so much modern neglect of Pope, we were not much surprised by the following passage, which forcibly enough exposes the petty fudge of authority, in respect to the orthodoxy of genius. For our own part, we wish it would retain some cathedral,—St. Paul's, for instance,—for the *regulars* exclusively, provided another was selected to commemorate aspirants "without the pale." The contrast would be at least informing.

"'Of all the disgraces that attach to England, in the eye of foreigners who admire Pope more than any of our poets (though it is the fashion to under-rate him among ourselves), the greatest perhaps is, that there should be no place assigned to him in Poets' Corner. I have often thought of erecting a monument to him at my own expense, in Westminster Abbey; and hope to do so yet. But he was a Catholic, and, what was worse, puzzled Tillotson and the Divines. That accounts for his not having any national monument. Milton, too, had very nearly been without a stone; and the mention of his name on the tomb of another was at one time considered a profanation to a church. The French, I am told, lock up Voltaire's tomb. Will there never be an end to this bigotry? Will men never learn that every great poet is necessarily a religious man?—so at least Coleridge says.'"

LORD BYRON'S POEMS.

The following were the sums paid by Mr. Murray to Lord Byron for his several poems:

Childe Harold, I, II	£ 600	Beppo	£ 525
——, III	1,575	Don Juan, I, II	1,525
——, IV	2,100	——, III, IV, V	1,525
Glaour	525	Doge of Venice	1,050
Bride of Abydos	525	Sardanapalus, Cain, and Foscari	1,100
Corsair	525		
Lara	700	Mazeppa	525
Siege of Corinth	525	Chillon	523
Parisina	525	Sundries	450
Lament of Tasso	315		
Manfred	315	Total	£15,455

Scientific Records.

[Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History; Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; List of Patents;—to be continued in a series through the Volume.]

ON THE WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

As a law has lately passed for equalizing the weights and measures of Great Britain, every information connected with the subject will be interesting. The following letter is copied from one of our most respectable monthly works.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE AND JOURNAL.

GENTLEMEN,—The time will now soon arrive when an important change is to take place in our measures of capacity, and I have been surprised to see so little notice taken of the subject. I have endeavoured, as far as possible, to recommend by practice a new system of measuring capacity to engineers, because it appeared to me better adapted for every purpose which they have occasion to consider. It consists in adopting the cubic foot instead of the gallon as a measure in hydraulic and other calculations. A little perseverance soon renders the cubic foot as familiar as the gallon, and it saves time in every kind of calculation, and removes uncertainty. In Smeaton's works you will sometimes find the quantity of water that will serve a water-wheel expressed in wine-gallons, and in other instances his calculations are made in ale-gallons; and where the kind of gallon is not distinctly stated, it renders it difficult to ascertain what measure has been employed.

In changing the gallon there seems to have been a natural relation of measures of capacity overlooked, which it would have been some advantage to have attended to: I allude to the relation between a cube and its inscribed cylinder. The gallon might have been made one-fourth of the capacity of a cylinder one foot long and one foot in diameter. The cylinder is the best form for measures of this kind, and it would be very desirable to have a cylindric measure, which could be regarded as an unit in all calculations where the areas of circles and contents of spheres are concerned, because our linear measures would apply to ascertain such quantities without reducing them into cubical inches. And it seems more natural to found a system of measures on the nature of the things to be measured, than on any relation to a standard in nature. The French have taken their standard from the globe, and yet have omitted to provide a measure for one; they have affected to borrow from nature, and have overlooked the most obvious of natural distinctions.

I am glad that so much of our old measures and weights are to be preserved, for I have not yet obtained enough of knowledge to enable me to do without referring to my predecessors, and I am extremely unwilling to encounter any additional difficulty in holding communication with them; it makes one think seriously about the advantages promised by the change to the decimal system. What foundation has this decimal system in the nature of things?—will it continue for ever to be the best possible system of notation? or, is it itself imperfect and likely to be changed as soon as a better shall appear? If the latter be the case, what is to be done with a system of weights and measures formed on the decimal scale? For my own part, I am one of those who think our system of weights and measures might be founded on more rational principles than our notations. If the notation had been formed on principle, surely 10 would never have been fixed upon for the basis of the system: it has only two factors, and one of these is a prime, which is not so frequently a factor as the prime below it; and which renders it often more convenient to work by vulgar fractions than by decimals. That is, the prime 3 occurs more frequently in calculations than the prime 5; and whenever the prime 3 is a factor of division, the decimal notation is incapable of expressing the quotient. The decimal system owes all its advantages to the happy thought of arranging numbers according to their powers; but this arrangement is not peculiar to it; in algebra we adopt a modification of the same principle, but there it is not limited to 10 digits, for we are able to arrange powers or any multiples of powers; and it will be of incalculable advantage to obtain an equally general arrangement for common numbers. Our present system is very unwieldy, when there is occasion to express large numbers, perhaps quite as much so as those abandoned in favour of the Arabic notation were for ordinary numbers; and I think no one will venture to say that it is impossible to invent a more perfect notation than the one now in use. Apparent simplicity is not a test of the merit of any invention, unless that simplicity be accompanied by fitness for the objects it is to accomplish; and it is not much in favour of the decimal scale to remark, that there are four out of the nine digits of which the reciprocals cannot be expressed in finite terms; viz. one-third, one-sixth, one-seventh, and one-ninth; and that to express one-fourth, we must employ two figures, and to express one-eighth, three figures are necessary;—and are ratios of such frequent occurrence of no importance? They would, no doubt, occur less frequently, were money, time, weights and measures all decimally divided; but what does this concession involve? Nothing less than an entire change of language in all cases where any thing relating to time, weight, prices, or measures is the subject; and with a less degree of change the inconvenience of a decimal division will be much greater than the ones now in use.

The advocates for decimal division do not appear, as far as I have seen, to have studied the nature and advantages of the old divisions. For example, in the division of time all the prime digits are factors, the principal divisions are by 60th parts, and 60 is composed of $2^2 \times 3 \times 5$; the only prime digit not included being 7; and we only want a more convenient notation to render it far superior to any decimal division; superior both in the facility of expressing minute parts, and in expressing large numbers. The number 10 is too small for such an object; the cube of 10 is not equivalent to the square of 60, besides the defect of not enabling us to express one-third, one-sixth, one-ninth, &c. I have had several schemes for improving the notation; and though I have not hit upon one of sufficient convenience, the success has been such as to render it pretty certain that the thing is not impossible.

I am, gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
THOMAS TREDGOLD.

Poetry.

THE MANIAC.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

What art thou, aerial spirit undefined,
To age, or sex, or station not confined;
Reigning in cottages with high command,
As in a palace bearing regal wand,
And whether joy or sorrow rule the hour,
Unconquered holding thy mysterious power?
Imperial Reason! given alone to man
The heights and depths of human lore to scan;
The stores of knowledge measureless embrace,
And God in all his works through Nature trace!
Withdrawn thy light, how drear the scene appears;
A vale of misery bedimmed with tears:
Or Pandemonium raging unconfined,
Death in the breeze, and shrieks upon the wind;
While, as in mock'ry of the witch Despair,
Foul imps of midnight leer with horrid glare!
Or yielding to less potent powers of ill,
What tinsel gauds the wandering fancy fill!
What glittering visions shoot athwart the brain;
'Tis now the fairy Queen Titania's reign,
At whose high bidding, flowers unnumbered blow,
And streams through verdant meadows sparkling flow:
The village swain attunes to love his reed,
And forms of beauty grace th' enamelled mead.

The fancied poet, in ideal bliss,
Revels at will in worlds of blessedness;
Sweeps with impetuous hand the sounding lyre,
And thinks it harpings of the heavenly choir;
Himself the gifted of the sacred Nine,
Apollo less inspired! "all, all divine!"
Alas! fond votary of empty fame,
Unhonoured as unknown thy very name,
Still in elysian dreams thy sorrows lose,
Still deem thyself the favourite of the muse,
Never, oh! never from that trance of bliss
Again awake to conscious wretchedness;
No, no, dream on!—from reason's empire hurled,
Thou'rt master of thyself,—and of the world!

The fond enthusiast pictures halcyon skies,
For him expands the rose that never dies;
Borne to empyreal heights, he deems not this
The haunt of bats, a loathsome wilderness;
Celestial Hope enwraps in dreamy spell,
And suns eternal gild his narrow cell!

The pallid student sick with anxious thought,
Bent o'er the volume with strange figures fraught,
Pleased, barters for a shade his manhood's prime,
And broods o'er many a thesis, vast, sublime!
Till the worn mind, o'erwrought with ceaseless toil,
Finds an asylum from the keen turmoil,
And, lashed to frenzy, buoyant, or subdued,
The sport, alas! of many a wayward mood,
Is now in Tempe's vale supremely blest,
Anon the vulture riots on his breast!

'Twere vain to follow erring Reason's track,
Bootless as hope to win the wanderer back;
A motley garb of varied hue she wears,
And smiles, and tears, and lightsome airs are hers;
And shrieks, and groans, and agonising strife,
All that o'er sweetened,—all that poisoned life!

I heard the story of a Maniac wild
Of reason's lofty empire strange beguiled
In modelling *a table*, framed with skill,
And promising, complete, afar to fill
The noisy clarion of the Goddess, Fame,
And yield the mechanist a deathless name!
It was the study of his waking hours;
His nightly dream, and all his thinking powers
Were given,—exhausted—on this work of art,
And now near perfected in every part,
One *joint* alone was wanting to the whole,
And this obtained, achieved the envied goal,
The crown triumphant on his brow was placed,
And brightest laurels proud his temples graced!
And now, in conscious mind's all-glorious beams,
What glittering metaphors, what endless dreams;
What fond imaginings—what brilliant tropes,
What scenes Arcadian, and what tow'ring hopes!
Alas, alas! much yet remained to do,
And Genius saw, and braved the task anew;
Thought, and contrived; arranged, and thought again,
Till all subdued, the keenly sensate brain,
Oppressed with weight no longer to be borne,
Sank overwhelmed;—a ruin most forlorn!

Behold the Maniac on his couch reclined,
Mark the fierce struggles of the captive mind!
Obscured, not lost, mark how the master thought
Essays to gain the path with mischief fraught!—
Again, in mase perplexed, sweet fleet away
The lagging hours of many a weary day,
Alternate winged with halcyon prospects fair,
Or lengthened and o'ercast by grim despair!
When, lo! appears a dawn of former self,
And proud he spurns the soul-consuming elf;
Forth from his pallet plucks the narrow straw,
Obeying, Genius, thy resistless law;
Renews his toils, remodels former plans,
And wreaths in varied forms the plastic bands,
Till pleased, the Goddess on his efforts smiles,
His labour softens, and his care beguiles;
Achieves the work:—and instant, Reason blest,
Resought, and claimed, her long-forsaken rest!

Liverpool. G.

THE COFFIN.—A TALE.

Place of action, the Lakes.—Time, a day in the year 1824.*

Amid those scenes which poets paint
As only fit for bard or saint,
Shelter'd by hills and coppice-wood,
A simple rustic cottage stood,
Where Gaffer Mawson and his wife
Dragg'd on a sleepy kind of life,
Now gath'ring fruit, now hiving bees,
Now making children, and now cheese.

Last of their progeny so bonny,
Was only left a boy call'd Johnny.
One of those pretty babes of spirit
Who, by their mischief, shew their merit.
Heedless of seasons or of weather,
He stray'd from home whole days together;
Could set a night line, spear an eel,
And o'en, 'twas whisper'd, he could steal;
Which little traits, to the discerning,
Evinc'd his genius and his learning.

But set not, as the poet sings,
Your heart upon sublunar things;
The object most on earth we prize,
To mock our wishes, soonest flies:
And this sweet babe, his mother's pride,
Was stricken with the gripes, and died.

She, as 'twas easy to foresee,
Took it to heart, and then took tea;
And as her good-man far must ride
Ere he a coffin could provide,
And one small bed was wont to be
Sufficient to contain all three,
Johnny within a *draw'r* was plac'd,
Whose mixt contents may thus be trac'd:—

Imprimis.—Sundry dirty linen,
A pot, which honey once had been in,
A soapy knife, a stamp for butter,
A razor, us'd as a corn-cutter,
A dirty comb, two mealy sacks,
A ladle, and a piece of wax;
With these lies Johnny, 'till they come
To bear him to his final home.

Neighbours, who liv'd five miles away,
With pleasure came that mournful day;
Friends from a distance flock'd by dozens,
Great-aunts and thirty second cousins,
And as (time immemorial) usual,
Held round the pall a grand carousal.
Strong ale, and stronger drinks were quaff'd;
Many told stories, and some laugh'd;
Some talk'd of markets and of prices,
Some of the Squire's reputed vices,
Rack-rents, distresses, and so forth,
And how much coppice-lands were worth;
What strangers last had come among 'em,
And how, whene'er they could, they'd wrong 'em;
'Till louder ev'ry sentence grew,
The jugs ran low, the moments flew,
And swimming heads, and empty glasses,
Tell them how swift the morning passes;
When, sob'ring with a solemn stare,
All move the mournful rites to share.

All but the babe, "and where was he?"
As quiet as a babe could be:
But where, no matter—'till I first
His fun'ral honours have rehears'd.

Long is the train of friends and neighbours,
Glad to escape their daily labours,
Who join, on horseback or in carriage,
To swell a funeral, or a marriage.

The undertaker first was plac'd,
And, next his buxom help-mate, grac'd
A horse, whose pillion made him frisky;
And then two carts, and next a whisky;
A shandry that one Grubbs set off in,
And Coburn's car, which held the Coffin;
And here, and there, some swagg'ring blade
His cart-horse or grey mare convey'd.
Thus many a weary mile being pass'd,
The village church they gain at last.
Slow tolls the bell, 'tis almost dark,
Long waits the parson and his clerk,
Half starv'd, quite tir'd, not over civil,
And wishing Johnny at the devil.

With seedy coat, and surplice grim,
And gaunt of visage and of limb,
The parson was no town-bred prig,
But wore a grisly flaxen wig,
A glove which long had lost its fellow,
And neck-cloth strip'd with red and yellow.
Such pastor oft, amid the Lakes,
The world and all its charms forsakes,
And, almost without thought or care,
Lingers "a kind of as it were,"
Or ploughs his field, or feeds his swine,
Half labourer, and half divine.

Soon "dust to dust" he mutt'ring said,
And some few maudlin tears were shed;
The mourner and his friends they parted,
And for their several homes they started.

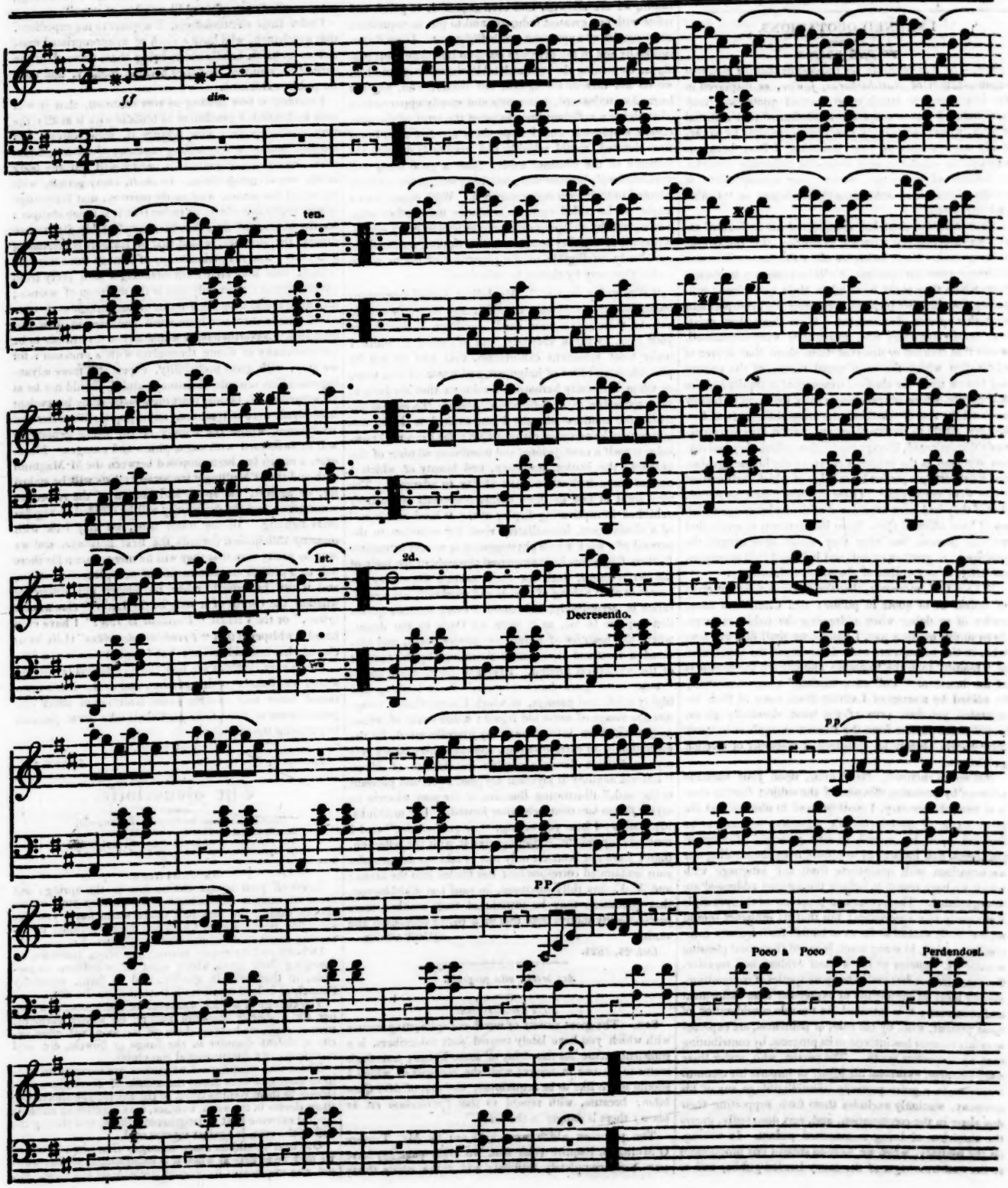
Returning, Mawson clos'd his gate
And said, "'tis vain to strive with fate;
Quick tow'rds the grave our moments fly,
The lad has died, and so must I;
And, dame, I think our friends can't say on't,
They ever made a better day on't:
We most, I fear, o'erstept the line,
And something this weak head of mine
Seem'd to forget; but now all's ended,
What's done or undone can't be mended;
So, as 'tis late, I'll put away
My best shirt for some other day."
And then, poor Gaffer's grief being gone, he
Open'd the draw'r—and *there lay Johnny!*

MORAL.

Without the Dead, a Fun'ral train,
Is Hamlet play'd without the Dane;
And therefore, lest it lead to soothin',
Never inter—an Empty Coffin.

* The principal circumstances related in these verses are literally true, and occurred in a remote part of Lancashire a few weeks since.

THE CELEBRATED WALTZ, FROM DER FREISCHUTZ.



Literature, Criticism, &c.

LEARNED QUOTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As it is certainly not impossible that the eloquent argumentation of *Anti-barbarus, junior*, as displayed in his late energetic attack upon learned quotations, may have induced you to adopt the resolution of that editorial worthy, whose exceedingly courageous example he so earnestly recommends to your imitation, I have been encouraged to submit to your notice the following remarks, in defence of a practice, which your correspondent of goodly signature so unhesitatingly condemns as "Gothic and barbarous."

Your correspondent has commenced his undaunted attack by directing our attention to the fact, that the Greeks never quoted. Now, before we allow this fact to have any influence upon our opinions, it will be necessary to inquire from whom they could have taken their quotations, supposing they had felt inclined to decorate their compositions with that species of ornament. Were there then existing, in any language with which they were acquainted, works that claimed or deserved from them that degree of admiration which the enlightened nations of the present day bestow upon the classical treasures of antiquity? Was that people, whose overweening vanity led them to bestow upon all the rest of mankind the unqualified title of *barbarians*, likely to receive from any nation thus uncourteously denominated, literary productions which they had reason to regard as the brightest efforts of the human genius, and in attaining a perfect knowledge of which their earliest years were employed? There is little reason to doubt, that if they had been acquainted with any language which could have afforded them those inducements to quote that we now possess, but what they would have carried the practice to as great an extent, and indulged in it as unscrupulously, as any author of the nineteenth century.

We are told, moreover, that the Romans were not quite so foolish as to quote in public; and Cicero was never guilty of so doing when addressing the public at large. Even in this quoting age, I believe we shall find but few, who, in this respect, are more deserving of the appellation of "foolish" than the Romans; and though the members of the house of "Collective wisdom" may occasionally be edified by a scrap of Latinity from some of their luminaries, yet few, even of the most classically given, would so far deviate from the Roman example as to "cast their pearls" before an enlightened assembly of election gentlemen.

But not to encroach, Mr. Editor, upon your valuable columns by pursuing this part of the subject further than is at present necessary, I shall proceed to observe that the great stress of *Anti-barbarus's* argument appears to be founded upon his appeal, to that principle of common politeness, that induces us to refrain from interlarding our conversations with quotations from any language with which we have reason to believe the persons addressed are unacquainted. The justice and propriety of this principle I am ready to acknowledge; but that its influence should consequently extend so far as to banish from literary compositions, what, in many cases, is one of their most pleasing ornaments, appears to me a most evident *non sequitur*. Conversation is a free and extempore species of composition, aiming more at perspicuity of expression than refinement and ornament; it is intended for the sole consideration of those present, who, by the rules of politeness, are expected to evince more or less interest in its progress, by contributing each his respective quota. The person, who, under these circumstances, expresses his ideas, or imparts his communications, in a guise partially unintelligible to any of his company, wantonly excludes them from supporting their due share in the conversation, and, very deservedly, incurs the suspicion of being a conceited pedant. In writing, on the contrary, when we have to submit our productions to the numerous eyes of the many-headed public, and to undergo the scrutiny of deliberate and cold-blooded criticism, we are allowed, and even expected, to polish and refine with our greatest industry, and to put in requisition every species of appropriate embellishment. If we do occasionally add to the graces of our own language short passages, containing the untranslatable *elegantiæ* of another, we do not therein sin against our reader, who, whether learned or unlearned, has many and speedy opportunities of attaining a sufficient knowledge of the sense of the quotations employed; and I hope there are few who, being thus situated, would selfishly and needlessly deprive the *initiated* of the pleasure arising from a good thing well applied, simply because that good thing was not *immediately* adapted to their own comprehension. With equal justice might we be called upon to renounce many other ornaments, and by stripping our compositions of every embellishment, of a rather uncommon description, render them completely intelligible to the capacities of *all* to whose notice they may by chance be submitted.

"*Hæc quiem ita sint.*" Mr. Editor, I shall drop argumentation and annotation together, and earnestly entreat you to "lend me your ears" (perhaps I should say your *eyes*, to speak correctly, but *n'importe*), while I make most vehement exhortation, that you do not be pleased, as an editor of judgment, and a man of true taste, to adopt the really barbarous resolution that has been so very agreeable to *Anti-barbarus, junior*. To confess the truth, the motives whereby I am excited to make this appeal may be esteemed rather selfish; for I must acknowledge myself a most devoted and inordinate admirer of this practice; the justice, propriety, and beauty of which I possess more inclination than ability to advocate. The very sight of two or three dainty fragments of Latinity exhibited in captivating display at the "head and front" of a dissertation, immediately rivet my attention to the perusal of a work whose physiognomy is so very attractive. If these fragments be interspersed throughout the body of the performance, until the whole assume the motley appearance of "a thing of shreds and patches," my gratification is, accordingly, unbounded: every separate quotation appears to me, as it were, an Oasis in the desert, where the beauties of nature are concentrated, and rendered a thousand times more charming, by the contrast of the wilderness around. Ever and anon, there comes "*velut inter ignes Luna minores*," some striking and highly celebrated passage, in which I immediately recognise the visage of some old friend; a due sense of whose merits had been infused into my juvenile mind, by the mediation of an extra birching, and then there comes over my recollection divers agreeable associations of ideas, "like the memory of joys that are past, sweet and pleasant to the soul," illustrating that line of the poet wherein he says "*forsan hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*" But methinks, Mr. Editor, I hear you saying, "*ne quid nimis;*" and I conclude my epistle, consoling myself with the reflection, that I have not been the only one to take up the gauntlet your undaunted correspondent has hurled into the arena; and *X. Y.* has fully convinced, in your last *Kaleidoscope*, that quotations may be introduced from another more praise-worthy motive than that of a paltry affectation and vanity.

QUOTATOR.

Oct. 25, 1824.

Ars brevis, vita pergrata.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The great variety of novel and interesting matter with which you have lately treated your subscribers, is a sufficient excuse for the delay of some letters; but there seems to be one in reserve with the contents of which I should much like to be acquainted, viz. that of *Mr. Quotator;* because, with regard to that (*periculum est in mora*) there is danger in the delay.

The promises which were held out by Mr. Terence O'Mulligan, Esquire (*vide Kal.* No. 216, page 55) have now been completely fulfilled; and "the whole thirty sciences are now actually whizzed through and through every mother's son of them like a glass of rum."

Under these circumstances, it appears to me expedient, that gentlemen, who have a stock of unappropriated quotations on hand, be allowed to bring them forward at the earliest convenience, lest they become mouldy, and unfit for public exhibition.

Learning is now getting so very common, that it will soon be beneath a gentleman to meddle with it at all: the very mechanics may now acquire it, with scarcely any trouble, and at a very trifling expense; there are, moreover, *dictionaries of quotations*, which will put any body in the way of using them. In short, every person, with the usual five senses, may easily perceive, that knowledge is now really *dog-cheap*, or rather that it is much cheaper; for the number of dogs has been considerably diminished during the summer, whilst that of teachers is increasing every day; and the philanthropy of some of these worthies is such, that they offer fresh advantages with every fresh advertisement: their only aim is the diffusion of science; and they would drop their terms of instruction even unto *nihil*, rather than not have a full audience in their fine premises. Nevertheless, I would advise my friends to be not over-hasty in fixing themselves with a professor; for we may, with great probability, expect still more advantageous offers towards Christmas; and I should not be at all surprised, if, besides teaching *gratis*, some benevolent individuals were to treat their adult pupils with porter and sandwiches, whilst the temper of the rising generation will be sweetened with sugar-plums and oranges. Moreover, a match has been proposed between the M'Magnum club and the O'Mullingonian society; bets will be staked for, or against, the speed and bottom of the respective seminaries; and the superiority will be decided by regular prize-fighting. In the mean time, we may look with pleasing anticipation towards the next holydays, and we may be pretty sure that they will be merry ones; for there will be a prodigious introduction of new glees and *catches*, and it can henceforth make no longer any difference whether the chorus of a song be the Latin "*Gaudeamus igitur*," or the French "*Cueillons la rose!*" I have even heard it whispered that "*Freut euch des lebens*" (Life let us cherish) has been rehearsed; but I cannot state it as a fact.

I long very much to see how the gentlemen of the old school will behave on the occasion, and as the above-mentioned letter may contain some information about the present state of their feelings, I shall take great pleasure in perusing the same.

Cura ut valeas.

Liverpool, No. 9, 1824. OMEGA.

The Housewife.

"Housekeeping and husbandry, if it be good,
Must love one another as cousins in blood:
The wife, too, must husband as well as the man,
Or farewell thy husbandry, do what thou can."

ON CLOTHING.

Leave off your winter clothes late in the spring: put them on early in the autumn. By wearing your winter clothes during the first half dozen warm days, you get some fine perspirations, which are highly salutary in removing obstructions in the cutaneous pores, &c.

Delicate and dyspeptic persons are often distressed by changing their dress, which must be as uniform as possible, in thickness, in quality, and in form, especially flannel, or indeed whatever is worn next to the skin.

The change of a thick waistcoat for a thin one, or a long one for a shorter one—not putting on winter garments soon enough, or leaving them off too soon, will often excite a violent disorder in the lungs or bowels, &c. and exasperate any constitutional complaint.

Those who wear flannel-waistcoats are recommended to have their new ones about the middle of November, with sleeves to them coming down to the wrists: the shortening these sleeves in the warm weather, is as effective an antidote against extreme heat as lengthening them, and closing the cuff of the coat, is against intense cold.

Our coat should be made so large, that when buttoned we may be as easy as when it is unbuttoned, so that without any unpleasant increase of pressure on the chest, &c.

we can wear it closely buttoned up to the chin; the power of doing this is a convenient provision against the sudden alterations from heat to cold; buttoning up this outer garment will protect the delicate from many mischiefs which so often arise in this inconstant climate from the want of such a defence; and the additional warmth it produces will often cure slight colds, &c.

Another way of accumulating caloric, is to have two sets of button holes to the cuff of the coat, especially of your great coat, one of which will bring it quite close round the wrist.

When the circulation is languid, and your feet are cold, wear worsted stockings, have your shoes well warmed, and when you take them from the fire, put your slippers to it, that they may be warm and comfortable for you on your return home.

In wet weather wear shoes with double upper leathers; two thin leathers will keep you much drier than one thick one, and are more pliable. The currier's dubbing is the best nourisher of leather, and renders it as soft as satin, and impervious to water.

The mean temperature of England is about 50 degrees of Fahrenheit: it sometimes rises 25 degrees above this in the height of summer, falls about as much below in the depth of winter; and in summer frequently varies from 20 to 30 degrees between mid-day and midnight.

The restoration and the preservation of the health, especially of those who have passed their fortieth year, depends upon minute and unremitting attention to food, clothes, exercise, &c. which, taken singly, may appear trifling, but combined, are of infinite importance.

Invalids are advised to put on a great coat when they go out, and the temperature of the external air is not higher than 40. Some susceptible constitutions require this additional clothing when the thermometer falls below 50; especially at the commencement of the cold weather.

A great coat must be kept in a room where there is a fire; if it has been hung up in a cold damp hall, as it often is, it will contribute about as much to your calorification as if you wrapped a wet blanket about you.

Clothes should be warm enough to defend us from cold, and large enough to let every movement be made with as much ease when they are on as when they are off.—*Medical Adviser.*

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimur effigiem belli*".....VIDA.

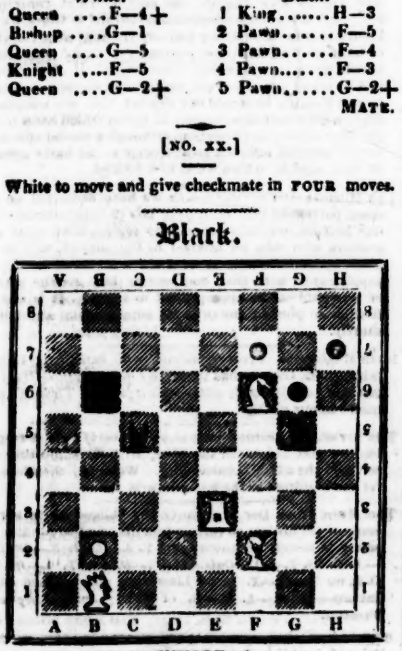
SOLUTION TO GAME XIX.

	White.	*Black.*
1	Queen ....F—4+	1 King.....H—3
2	Bishop ....G—1	2 Pawn.....F—5
3	Queen ....G—5	3 Pawn.....F—4
4	Knight .....F—5	4 Pawn.....F—3
5	Queen ....G—2+	5 Pawn.....G—2+ MATE.

[NO. XX.]

White to move and give checkmate in FOUR moves.

Black.



WHITE.

Advertisements.

Mr. DIDDEAR *and* Mrs. ALDRIDGE *most respectfully solicit the patronage of the Public for their Night, it being Mr. Diddear's First Attempt, and Mrs. Aldridge's First for these Eight Years.*

FOR the BENEFIT of Mr. DIDDEAR and Mrs. ALDRIDGE.—On FRIDAY next, the 19th instant, will be presented (not acted here these ten years) a favourite Play, called

THE DOUBTFUL SON,

Or, Secrets of a Palace,

Written by W. Dimond, Esq. Author of "Adrian and Orilla," "Foundling of the Forest," "Royal Oak," &c.

After which, the admired Interlude of

THE RENDEZVOUS.

Sophia (her second attempt in the Drama) Miss WALLIS.

To conclude with the interesting Melo-drame of

THE TRAVELLERS BENIGHTED,

Or, the Spectre Nun.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Diddear, 58, Christian-street; and of Mrs. Aldridge, at Mr. Warbrick's Library, Lime-street.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—A respectable Person, the Mother of a Family, residing in an airy situation, is desirous of taking under her care two or three children, between the ages of four and ten, as Boarders.—They will have every attention and care paid to them, and the advantage of Education in the house, her daughter keeping a Preparatory School. The terms are moderate, and the most respectable references can be given.—Address to A. B. at the Office of this paper.

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AN ISAGOGICAL TABLE of the PORTUGUESE GRAMMAR, calculated to facilitate the acquirement of that Language, wherein the Declension of Nouns, Conjugation of Verbs, and the Rules of Syntax, &c. are much simplified. By HENRY LUCAS, Professor and Sworn Translator of Languages, No. 10, King-street, Liverpool.

N.B.—H. L. has been at considerable pains to procure, for the use of his Pupils, *approved Editions* of Portuguese, Spanish, French, and Italian Books, published at *Lisbon, Madrid, Leon, Paris,* and *London*; as well as the *latest Editions* of Dictionaries, Grammars, Exercises, &c. at the publisher's prices.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH, by Mr. BEREND, SURGEON-DENTIST, 28, Bold-street, warranted to remain perfectly secure and comfortable in the mouth, without tying, twisting wires, or any fastening whatever to the adjoining Teeth, and yet so effectually secured, that the most powerful motion of the jaws, in eating, cannot displace or injure them, fixed without pain, and adapted with such accuracy to the remaining Teeth, that not the least difference can be felt, neither can the minutest observer distinguish them. These Teeth can, with ease, be taken out, cleaned, and replaced with great safety by the wearer.

28, *Bold-street.*

THE

ROYAL LEWISIAN SYSTEM OF WRITING.

MR. LEWIS (from the Royal Academy, London) the real Inventor of the New Mathematical System of Writing, under the immediate and especial patronage of his Majesty and other branches of the Royal Family, and nearly every person of distinction in the United Kingdom, respectfully announces his arrival in Liverpool, where he intends, for a short time, to give instruction in his new Mathematical System of converting bad Writers into good ones, in the course of SIX SHORT and EASY LESSONS.—Those Ladies and Gentlemen who are not satisfied with their present performance, have therefore an opportunity of attaining a quick and beautiful style of Writing; so free, elegant, and expeditious, as no other method of teaching ever yet discovered can possibly impart; and from which it is impossible for them ever after to deviate. Mr. Lewis's system and method of instruction is very different (in every respect) from all others; and he challenges any Teacher in existence to produce a system half so comprehensive or efficacious. It is not confined to one particular style of Writing, for how inelegant and absurd would it be for a Lady to write a bold, masculine, mercantile hand; or, for a Gentleman to be confined to a fine light, effeminate style, adapted only to epistolary correspondence, complimentary cards, invitations, &c. Mr. Lewis's system is, therefore, equally applicable to all purposes, and to persons of all ages; and however bad the pupil may write, or whatever may be his capacity, it will positively qualify him for any situation whatsoever, so far as regards his Hand-Writing.

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SHORT HAND taught in SIX LESSONS, for ONE GUINEA, on the plan made use of by the Public Reporters, with their mode of following a speaker by contractions, hitherto kept a secret; and their infallible method of abbreviating and decyphering, without burthening the memory.

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Velvet, Satin, and Glass Painting, and various other useful and fashionable accomplishments taught by Mrs. LEWIS, in a few lessons, on moderate terms.

Pupils are detained only one hour *each* Lesson, and may attend any time that suits their own convenience.

The charge for Out Attendance is regulated by the distance and number of Pupils.

SEPARATE APARTMENTS FOR LADIES.

As Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS's engagements in London will only permit them to remain a short time in Liverpool, they respectfully request that those Ladies and Gentlemen who may be disposed to favour them will make early application.

EXTRAORDINARY SHIPS.

The arrival of the raft-ship Columbus has excited so much interest in this country, that the following brief account of other enormous floating masses may prove acceptable. With respect to the credit due to the account of the ship built for the King Hiero, we shall offer no opinion; but merely observe, that Archimedes, its reputed projector, is believed to have achieved mechanical wonders, which have no parallel since the period at which he lived. His discovery of the mode of ascertaining specific gravities, and his invention of the particular water screw which bears his name to the present day, are sufficient to immortalize any man.

The following is a description of the huge floating vessel said to have been constructed by him. It contained wood enough to make sixty galleys. It had all the variety of apartments of a palace,—banqueting-rooms, galleries, gardens, fishponds, stables, mills, baths, a temple of Venus, &c. It was encompassed with an iron rampart and eight towers, with walls and bulwarks, furnished with machines of war, particularly one which threw a stone of 300 pounds, or a dart twelve cubits long, the space of half a mile, &c.

The next vessel of which we are reminded by the American raft, is that described by Plutarch in the life of Demetrius, in the following terms:—"The galley of Ptolemy Philopatre was 280 cubits (about 420 feet) in length, and 28 cubits (72 feet) from head to the top of the poop. It carried 400 sailors, beside 4,000 rowers, and near 3,000 sailors who were disposed in the spaces between the rowers and the lower deck."

The last of the nautical prodigies which we shall notice was that built by King James IV. of Scotland, and which is thus minutely described:—"It was twelve score feet in length; 36 feet within the sides; 10 feet thick in the walls; outed jest in of oak: her walls and boards on every side so strong, that no cannon could go through her. From the time this great ship was afloat, and her masts and sails complete, with her tows and anchors appertaining thereto, she was counted to the King to be £30,000 expense. She bore many cannons, six on every side, with great bassils, two behind on her deck, and one before, with 300 shot of small artillery, that is to say, mayand and battert falcon, and quarter falcon, slings, destilent, serpents, and double-dogs, with haytor and culvering, cone-bows, and hand-bows. She had 300 mariners to sail her, six score of gunners to use her artillery, and had 1000 men of war, besides her captains, shippers, and quarter-masters. This ship was sent to assist the French against King Harry the Eighth of England, notwithstanding he was brother-in-law to James the Fourth of Scotland. The Lord Hamilton, Earl of Arran, was made Captain and Great Admiral of the Fleet, and Lord Fleming Vice-admiral, accompanied with Earls, Lords, Barons, to the number of 1000, who were well arrayed for battle. 'If you will not believe me,' says the narrator, 'gang to the gates of Tilebairn, and you will see her length and breadth planted in hawthorn.'"

Correspondence.

SPANISH LANGUAGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—How wonderfully witty *Mr. Observator* is in his remarks on Mr. Fernandez's Synoptic Table. Does this *rare* critic really rank the conjunctions *and* and *or* amongst the *difficulties* in the Spanish language? Or would his maiden critique do credit to a cook?

You, Mr. Editor, know full well how hard it is to get a foreign language printed correctly; and that typographical errors don't affect the matter.

Mr. Fernandez has very deservedly risen in his profession—has gained a reputation, not by teaching schoolboys, but men who have arrived at an age to appreciate his instructions.

I, who have attended both Fernandez and other masters in the town,* give the decided preference to the system of the former; and can only account for *Mr. Observator's* hostility, by supposing him to be one of the three blockheads Mr. F. declined giving further instructions to, or some professor envious of the satisfaction he gives, to which many others, as well as myself, can bear witness.

Yours, &c.

A PUPIL OF MR. F's.

* Our correspondent must permit us to omit the invidious distinction which is in the original.—*Edit. Kal.*

THE CENTIPEDE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have, for a long time, ardently wished to become a contributor to your elegant miscellany; but, not being fortunate enough to collect materials of sufficient moment to claim the attention of your readers, that wish has been necessarily foiled.

The incident to which I would now advert, though apparently trifling and devoid of interest, at first sight, will, I presume, be deemed worthy of a corner, and probably be introductory of much after discussion and research.

In turning over the books in my library the other evening, I espied an insect, commonly (but erroneously) called a centipede, having an elongated flexible body, of slender make, and, perhaps, an inch and a half in length, with a multiplicity of short legs, capable of exceedingly rapid movement. I think it might be properly termed a smaller species of the scolopendra: it certainly very much resembled an engraving I have seen of that insect.

I flirted it about with the paper-knife I held in my hand, when, to my utter astonishment, a phosphoric glow of a light cerulean blue was emitted from various parts of its body; which, after adhering to it for a short time, was left in its track, as it crawled along, and remained, for a few seconds, quite vivid.

When I viewed the insect by candle-light, I could not discern any thing extraordinary about it, except a swelling in parts, arising, no doubt, from the contusions it had received; and I instantly destroyed it.

If any of your learned correspondents, who are versed in the science of Entomology, can inform me if this phenomenon has ever been noticed before, I shall feel particularly obliged by their doing so; and also by an elucidation, on scientific principles, of the cause of its appearance, and a frank avowal of their sentiments upon the secretion and consistency of the fluid itself. Yours, &c.

Birmingham, 6th Nov. 1824. EUSEBIUS.

MILITIA RETURN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Blank militia returns have lately been sent round, which the party, to whom they are addressed, is directed to fill up with the name of every male residing in his dwelling, between the ages of 18 and 45. The following literal copy of one of these returns I enclose you, and remain,

Yours, &c. C.

I here declare 'tis true, as I'm alive,
That I am somewhat turn'd of forty-five:
That in my dwelling there's no other male,
Except one *dog*; but—"*thereby hangs a tale.*"

HOPELESS LOVE.

Est mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!—OVID.
(Woe is me! that love is curable by no herbs.)

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Once I was as happy as the day was long; but, unfortunately for my peace of mind, I happened to meet a lady, so amiable and agreeable, I immediately became a captive, and have ever since remained in a state of hopeless slavery, or rather, what is just the same, *hopeless love!* What can be worse? For her heart is as immoveable as a rock, and she invariably will persist in saying, "I cannot love him." In short, she has so nearly distracted me, that, on recollecting your well known urbanity, I have determined, without ceremony, to lay before you this brief account of my desperate case.

I am informed you are one of those scientific gentlemen who possess a register of every useful discovery in this age of wonders; and, as it is above eighteen hundred years since Ovid declared no remedy had been found out, you may now, perhaps, be able to favour me with the knowledge of a cure, or else prevail on one of your classical correspondents to give the world a fresh essay on the subject. Then, Sir, greatly in your debt will be,

Wakefield, Sept. 30. CONSTANTINE.

N. B. I must be allowed, for my part, to protest against the old-fashioned argument, that the influence of a lady, like my fair enchantress, may be counteracted by *flight*.

Gymnasia
AND MISCELLANEOUS RECREATIONS.

How often have I blest'd the coming day,
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play;
When all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength, went round.
Goldsmith.

"It is a call to keep the spirits alive."—*Ben Jonson.*

NO. XVII.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The annexed design exhibits an easy and effectual mode by which a man may pinion the arms of another who is much stronger than himself. The figure *a*, with his right hand, seizes the right wrist of fig. *b*, at the same time passing his own left arm under the right arm of *b*, grasping him by the coat and waistcoat collar. The left arm of *a* must be placed near the arm-pit of *b*. In this position *b* will not be able to disentangle himself, as his own arm is employed as a long lever against himself, and in favour of *a*.

If I have not very clearly described this exploit, a reference to the figure will render it perfectly intelligible.

Yours, &c. C.

Advertisements.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MRS. M'GIBBON.—This evening (MONDAY) the 15th instant, will be presented, the Tragedy of

EVADNE.

Evadne, by Mrs. M'GIBBON.

To which will be added (for the only time this season)

TOM AND JERRY.

Tickets to be had of Mrs. M'GIBBON, at Mr. Mawdsley's, Great Nelson-street.

MUSIC-HALL, BOLD-STREET.

THE FOURTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT will take place this evening (TUESDAY) the 16th instant, when, in addition to the combined talents of Madame RONZI DE BEGNIS, Signor DE BEGNIS, *Mr. BRAHAM, and Mr. HORI*, Mr. KALKBRENNER, the celebrated Piano Forte Player, will appear for this night only.

Mr. HAWES is also engaged expressly to superintend (with the powerful aid of Mr. BRAHAM) a Selection from the Opera of DER FRIESCHUTZ, with the original and celebrated OVERTURE, composed by Carlo Maria Van Weber, which engages the assistance of a largely-increased Orchestra and additional Choristers.

Mr. MORI will lead the Band on this occasion, which will be considerably augmented from Manchester, Chester, &c.

Theatre.—That very talented actress, Mrs. Aldridge, who has not appealed to the public for more than seven years past, purposes taking a benefit (jointly with Mr. Diddear) on Friday next. We hope there will be a full house on the occasion.—*See adv.*

Music-hall.—The lovers of music will perceive by the advertisement, that there is a most extraordinary treat in store for them this evening (Tuesday.)—*See advt.*

Mrs. M'Gibbon.—This accomplished actress takes her benefit this evening (Monday) at our theatre; and we sincerely wish her all the success she so eminently merits.—*See advt.*

To Correspondents.

W. is mistaken: we highly value his communications, which are always distinguished for original views of his subject, expressed in very good language. The paper, concerning the fate of which he inquires, has been repeatedly displaced by other articles, of a less important but more pressing nature, which, if delayed, would have lost their interest, whilst that of *W.* does not suffer by a temporary postponement. We trust this candid explanation will satisfy *W.* to whom we have only to add, that his letter shall most assuredly appear next week. There is so much risk in giving positive pledges as to the time of inserting any communication, that we have sometimes seriously thought of desisting from the practice altogether. We are not gifted with second sight; and "there is many a slip between the cup and lip." We did not, for instance, foresee the death of Lord Byron, which has greatly disturbed our preconcerted arrangements, as it entailed upon us the imperious necessity of supplying our readers with voluminous details arising out of an event, to which the public attach a very great interest. Nearly half of some of our recent numbers have been occupied with this subject; and we need not repeat, that in consequence of that circumstance, it has not been in our power, entirely, to follow our own wishes, or to comply with those of some of our correspondents.

Anti-Humbug must permit us to observe that we detest *humbug* as much as he can possibly do, whoever he may be. None of the articles to which he adverts are puffs; still less are any of them paid for. We should disdain to convert our correspondents' columns into a source of emolument. We chat with our friends in that department *con amore*; and there is no fee in *Anti-Humbug's* power to offer, which would purchase one line in any of our publications, except as a palpable advertisement. *Anti-Humbug* tells us that the epigrams quoted in C.'s letter are as old as Chevy Chase—to be sure they are; they were quoted expressly because they were familiar to almost *every* reader. The object for introducing them at all was to show that many of our most familiar epigrams might be brought forwards, which, while they possessed to the full as much point as that by Rogers, quoted by Lord Byron; were unadulterated with any admixture of that lowest species of wit—the pun, upon which the whole point of Rogers's epigram turns. By way of illustration, we quoted promiscuously, and from memory, a few well known *jeux d'esprits*, one only of which contains a pun; and these our correspondent affects to think we intended to pass off as if they had any pretensions to novelty; or as if we had been committing the sin of plagiarism, which we hold in thorough detestation. If *Anti-Humbug* had as many letters to read as we have, and some of them almost illegible, he would not wonder that we sometimes acknowledge communications in terms which seem to imply their subsequent insertion, although a second and more careful perusal effects a great change in the hasty opinion of their merits, which we at first formed.

THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.—As we have dedicated an unusual portion of our columns of late to this department of our journal, we take occasion to repeat, that those subscribers who take no interest in the subject, will be no losers by it in the end; as we shall, by means of gratuitous supplements, more than compensate them for the portion of our publication appropriated to music. It is our intention to publish one of these supplemental sheets very shortly.

IRISH MELODIES.—A correspondent, who dates from Dublin, is informed, that we had prepared some selections from the last work of his highly-gifted countrymen. These we shall insert in our next.

THE LIVER.—We cannot here answer several queries respecting the next number of the *Liver*, without subjecting ourselves to the advertisement duty. We must, therefore, refer the inquirers to the last *Mercury*.

The MUSIC from Der Freischuts has obliged us to abridge some of our notices to correspondents; and to confine ourselves to merely acknowledging *Y. Z.—Little B.—W. H. B.—J. L.—S. T.—D.—Quiz—S. W.—G. B.—T. R.—W. T.—O. B.* on Toads—*X. Y.* on Literature and Learned Quotations—*H. E.—L. L.—B.* of Newry—and, *Josephus*, of Preston.

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